

DOCTRINAL PAPERS.

A SERMON ON THE DEATH OF CHARLES SUMNER.

Preached in the Auburndale Methodist Episcopal Church, March 15, 1874.

By REV. DANIEL STEELE, D. D.

In our selection of themes for the pulpit we have a profound sympathy with Archbishop Leighton, who, when a minister of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland was publicly reprimanded in the synod for not "preaching up the times"—i. e. for not discussing with passionate and intolerant zeal the political events of his age, in answer to the reprimand, inquired, "who does preach up the times?" the chairman replied, "all your brethren do." The rebuked preacher rejoined, "if all of you preach up the times, you may surely allow one poor brother to preach up Christ Jesus and eternity."

We call upon our readers to attest that the "poor brother" who has occupied this pulpit the past year has found "the unsearchable riches of Christ" so exhaustless that he has had no occasion to look over the Saturday's telegraphic despatches for the subjects of his sermons. But an event has occurred during the past week which has engrossed all my thoughts, and disqualified me for the presentation of any other subject for your contemplation this morning. I do not refer to the death of an ex-president of the United States; such a man may be what men call an accident. But when God lets loose upon this planet a noble soul to wage victorious war against some gigantic wrong, it is no accident. And when, after his glorious work is done, he pauses that conquering arm in death, there is an occasion for the world to put on the weeds of mourning for its loss, and for thanksgiving because God hath given so great power unto men.

Emerson eloquently said that the tidings of President Lincoln's death traveled around the world like the shadow of an eclipse. The umbra of another great eclipse on last Wednesday afternoon struck the earth at Washington, and traveled eastward to Europe, where only one American statesman towered up so high as to be seen and feared. Westward sped that gloomy shade to those corner-trans-Mississippi States, whose corner-stones have been laid on the rock of freedom because one man stood like a breakwater, breasting the mad surges of slavery; and northward did that shadow travel, eclipsing from the eyes of millions the polar star by whose steady light they have for a generation directed their steps; and southward it swept, appalling the hearts of 4,000,000 of unfettered slaves with the delirious thrills that the sleepless guardian of their liberties had dropped at his post, with the unfinished charter of their civil rights in his dead right hand.

The death of Charles Sumner is no ordinary event; we cannot think of a desecration of the pulpit to portray his

character, to review his life-work, and to inculcate on the hearts of the young men the lessons which it teaches. I will now ask you to open your Bibles at Job xxvii. 2-6, and you will uncover the secret spring of that heroic life, the very core of that illustrious character, which God lighted up to illumine a dark era in American history; unwavering allegiance to the right, always and everywhere; a sublime faith in the triumph of justice, which no seductions could weaken, no combined foes could shake, no assassin's bludgeon could daunt. Such unflinching adherence to the right, in a world of men easily swayed by temptation, and by some gilded bait lured from the path of rectitude to the tortuous windings of policy, must make a marked man—a very Titan in the grapple with hoary wrongs.

If Providence spares such a soul long upon the earth, miraculously shielding him from early martyrdom, he must, if endowed with corresponding powers of intellect, tower up conspicuously before the eye of the world, wringing reluctant praises from the lips of his vanquished foes. Now read in Job xxix. 7-17, what a tremendous grasp upon the principles of righteousness did for the man of Uz, and what it has done for the man of Massachusetts, and what it will do for men in every age, for history is always repeating itself, under the universal law that like causes produce like effects. I have never been quite reconciled to the entrance of sin into this fair world, marring its beauty, eclipsing its light, sowing its broadcast with tears, and filling it with graves. But there is one consideration that mitigates my sorrow, and in part compensates for this dismal curse and blight of sin. This very state of things, this domination of gigantic wrongs, is the very arena where the great qualities of moral heroism spring up, and through Herculean struggles ascend to the summit of perfection. The most degenerate age of Israel produced the greatest prophets. In the decline of Grecian patriotism, Demosthenes stepped upon the bema, and uttered words which echo in our ears to-day. In the most corrupt age of the Papacy, when Tetzel was peddling indulgences in Germany, Luther arose, and by his daring antagonism to the Pope, like flint from steel, struck the spark of the Reformation. There is an adage among the Jews, that when the tasks are multiplied it is time for Moses to appear. Such is the constitution of things under God's moral government, that great wrongs evoke the rectifier.

When the slave masters reigned in terror supreme over the West Indies, John Wesley sent his missionaries to preach the gospel. They gathered evidence for the indictment of these slaveholders before the bar of England's

conscience; and when the witnesses were ready to testify, Wilberforce, God's great prosecuting attorney, appeared in court, and the sentence of condemnation was wrung from Parliament. Then were the jaws of the wicked broken, and the spoil of 800,000 helpless slaves plucked from their teeth.

The darkest period of American history was not from 1861 to 1865, when the thunder-cloud of civil war overcast the skies and filled our ears with its terrific thunders. No; that was the sunrise of our nation's day of glory. The noon of the long night preceding was the year 1850. Then slavery was triumphant over this Republic. Millard Fillmore, who was buried last Thursday, had just signed the Fugitive Slave bill which turned Massachusetts into a hunting ground of slaves, and commanded every citizen to be a slave hunter, penalties and prisons for obeying Jesus Christ by feeding the hungry and clothing the naked. The territories had just been opened to slavery by law, and the Dred Scott decision was just about to nationalize slavery, asserting that it had a right to exist everywhere in the territories, not by virtue of local and State laws, but by the force of the federal constitution. The crime against Kansas was plotted by the repeal of the Missouri compromise, which stood in the way of slavery. The crack of the slaveholder's lash was heard in the national capital, and a Southern senator had boasted that he would call the roll of his slaves beneath the shadow of Bunker Hill Monument.

The Christian pulpit through a large part of our land was silent; the muzzle of slavery had made the ministers of God's Word like dumb dogs that could not bark; in fact, many were defending the great crime as a divine institution, and were, in the words of Shakespeare, "blessing it with a text," while Christian men and saintly women were pinning in jails for the crime of teaching children to read the Holy Scriptures; the Bible was a forbidden book in the cabins of 4,000,000 of souls, who, most of all, needed its light and comfort, its cheering promises in their night of gloom; mothers saw their children sold, one by one, on the auction block, and torn from their tearful embrace, to be thrust down to the nethermost hell of slavery—the daughters to supply the brothels of New Orleans and Mobile, or to endure the brutal lash and the more brutal lures of a pitiless overseer on a cotton plantation, with a peck of corn a week for their legal rations; and the sons to be in the rice swamp, or to be torn by blood hounds in the vain attempt to escape the degradation, the insults, the cruelty, the life-long agony and grinding tyranny of oppression.

But why should I detail the horrors of that system which God in His fierce anger has blotted out forever in the blood of a thousand battle fields? Why should I speak of *iniquity* framed into a law, which deliberately stripped human beings of their *God-given rights*?

making them stand naked before their enemies, with no father, no mother, no brother, no sister, no wife, no husband, no child, no land, no house, no protector, no standing in court, no protection of law, no ballot, no property, no education, no Bible, no God—nothing but a master?—a system under which no woman was a wife, but every woman a mother—a system which for self-defense became a unit in our national councils, and exerted for seventy years a dominant control over this nation; which terrified the pulpit and subsidized the press, and drove free speech from the Republic; which corrupted the Church, making us all silent, or speak with velvet-tongued euphemisms of the Abrahamic, the patriarchal, the domestic institution, instead of calling it oppression, tyranny and slavery. The Bible Society, in deference to the cruel commands of slave laws, without even a protest, cravenly charged the Bible distributor to pass by the humble cabin of the slave, huping for the Word of Life, and the American Tract Society meanly garbled the free utterances of English Christians, and suppressed their expressions of righteous indignation against "the sum of all villainies," cutting out of the charming biography of a Scotch maiden the fact that she daily prayed in secret for the American slave, and expurgated from that beautiful hymn of gratitude, sung by English children, this little verse of thanksgiving to God:—

"I was not born a slave,
To labor in the sun—
To wish I were but in my grave,
And all my labor done."

So low down on your knees did the great religious organizations get, to do homage to the Moloch to whom they permitted slavery to sacrifice their children.

Why do I rehearse these things? For several reasons: Some of my hearers have had the good fortune to be born since the blot of slavery was wiped from our national escutcheon; some of us who are older have almost forgotten that such an institution as slavery has flourished and fattened on human blood within our generation—only twelve years ago; I seem to myself, in rehearsing these horrors of the system, to be uncovering a chapter of the Spanish Inquisition in the 15th century. But my chief object is to show you what grounds you have for thanksgiving to God for raising up men courageous enough to face this bloody despoiler, and lay on the death blows.

In 1850 it was time for the Moses to appear. God sent him forth. Whom did we need? Not then was the time for brave old John Brown to assault the system with his seventeen men, and make it tremble from centre to circum-

ference, showing its weakness; but we needed one to stand forth in the U. S. Senate, that legislative stronghold of despotism, and utter without fear, with calmness, courage, and resistless eloquence, the stilled convictions of thousands of timid souls. We needed one conspicuous example of free speech to be an inspiration to multitudes who sat in guilty silence beneath the bludgeon and Bowie knife of the barbarism of slavery. We needed a man who knew not how to compromise with iniquity. We had enough of such, from the great Webster down to the raft of mere time-servers for the loaves and fishes—politicians who swaggared in bar-rooms and packed caucuses. We needed an embodiment of political righteousness to save us from the mistake that a thing was a mere myth of the poets, a dream, and not a substantial reality, incarnated in flesh and blood. We needed a moral idealist, in whose estimation the whole American Republic was not worth telling a lie for, or doing an unjust act to save—a man who so highly appreciated justice, that in his estimation the rights of one naked, slave child, crying for hunger in the shade of the cotton tree, outweighed all the armies and navies, all the custom-houses, all the national revenues, all the material magnificence of this ocean-girded Republic.

This was the creed of Charles Sumner. He defied justice. He saw the true grandeur of his nation only in the fact that it stood on the eternal granite of righteousness. For this purpose he was born, that, taking his stand alone on the bare, scragged rock of right, amid the shifting sands of mere low policy and political expediency, he might lift up the nation to his own level, and dying, leave it planted firmly on this immutable foundation. I believe that God has a plan for every man's life—a work to which they were born. Only a few find that work, and are led into that plan. Sumner's life work was the destruction of slavery and the investment of the slave with all human and political rights, and the exemplification, in his own character, national influence, and world wide fame, of the power of political righteousness.

My first knowledge of Charles Sumner was in 1843, when I was in Wilbraham Academy. My room mate came in from the Whig State Convention in Springfield, and gave a glowing account of the oratorical displays, especially of the brilliant contest of Robert C. Winthrop, representative in Congress, with a young man of aristocratic birth, of the same proud city. The young man was unknown to fame. Winthrop had been, or was at that time, Speaker of the American Congress, and had become thoroughly subservient to the slave power, then dominant over our Republic. The younger man insisted on putting an anti-slavery resolution into the Whig platform, and the older politician resisted. High and low were the debates, but the upstart philanthropist was overwhelmingly voted down, and principle was once more immolated on the altar of expediency. The young abolitionist, who had bravely upheld the unpopular cause of the voiceless slave, was hissed down and read out of the Whig party.

He went to his law office in Boston, sat down on his platform of humane and Christian principles, and calmly waited for the tide of moral sentiment to rise and float him and his principles into power. He waited seven years. He saw the great party which had blindly discarded his guidance sagging down into its grave. He was not in haste. Had he been, he would have compromised conscience for promotion, and sold the slave for office. At length the moral sentiment of Massachusetts reached his level, and looked about for a fitting exponent of her sentiments to sit in the seat of the great Webster in the U. S. Senate. Where that giant had quailed at last before the haughty demands of the oppressor, and where the silver-tongued Everett was soon to follow his example, who can be trusted? This was the question which the Commonwealth of Massachusetts asked with much solicitude. The answer was, the young man who has been tried in the furnace of political persecution, and who has endured ostracism by his party without flinching or deviating a hair's breadth from his principles—the discarded abolitionist, Whig—shall be the first Senator of the Liberty Party. Charles Sumner, the stone rejected by the foolish builders, became the head cornerstone of Massachusetts politics, and his principles the very basis of the redeemed and regenerated Federal Union through all succeeding generations.

To narrate his glorious career in the U. S. Senate, his bold advocacy of human rights, his fearless exposure of the barbarism of slavery, his unswerving vigilance for liberty amid derision and obloquy, and the brutal and bloody assault on his person, is to rehearse all that history will care to remember in the politics of that degenerate period covered by the first twelve years of his senatorship. But to what a gigantic stature did that young man grow! He fed on God's truth, and grew strong. The sapling struck its roots into the deep soil of moral principles, and nourished thereby, became a giant oak, beneath whose shade emancipated millions repose in peace. He lived to vanquish a monster more terrific than any conquered by Hercules—the grim Moloch of Slavery, fattening on the blood of his own children. He lived to attain the confidence and to deserve the gratitude of the entire Republic, of which he, more than any other statesman, was to his dying day the political

pilot. He who was once openly scoffed at in the senate chamber as a "fanatic," lived to see the day when the opening of his lips was a signal for men to uncover their heads and reverently listen, as if an oracle of the gods were discoursing wisdom to man. He spoke, and his words ran on lightning feet beneath the ocean, and proud England quaked with fear, as if Nemesis, the avenging goddess of Justice, had made her sudden avatar to Albion's guilty isle with a squadron of Alabamas, to apply the blazing torch to British merchantmen and drive Britain's commerce from the seas. Young men, if any of you contemplate a political career—for it is an honorable calling; the State is a divine institution—study the life of Charles Sumner, and learn therefrom that there is, even in American politics, no power equal to that of character. Great is the lobby, great is the ring, great is party machinery, great is chicanery, great is the tongue, great is gold, and great is whisky, to sway the votes of men; but greater is character, because it will outlive all of these, and will renew its strength year after year; and because God has so sin, they can but respect integrity unbribed, undaunted and unswayed, though, as Horace says, "the heavens fall in ruins on his head."

The day of Sumner's first election is indelibly engraved on the tablets of my memory. The New England Conference was in session in Newburyport, in April, 1851. In the midst of the anniversary of the Conference Anti-Slavery Society—a preacher came in with news of Charles Sumner's election to the vacant chair of Daniel Webster, after balloting three months. The nettle of the man was seen in this great contest. Only one or two votes were wanted to secure for him the great prize of six years of power in the U. S. Senate. His friends appealed to him to say or to write a word to influence these votes—at least, to visit the State House, and shake hands graciously with the electors. But, let it be written in letters of gold, for the rebuke of an eager horde of compliant office seekers; he would not lift a finger to secure the great honor within his grasp, so lofty was his self respect. I am afraid that he would have taken a large measure of divine grace to keep me so long from yielding to such a temptation. He would not surrender one iota of his conviction of propriety, much less of right. He entered the Senate in the dignity of manhood, unbought, unswayed, unfettered by the wicked power which swayed its sceptre over that high council.

Here was his predestined work for the regeneration of the Republic; here the hideous deformities, the shocking barbarism of slavery were laid bare before the eyes of the world; the dumb millions back at last found a voice, and they poured forth through one pair of lips the aggravated wrongs of centuries. That voice smote the oppressors as if the voice of Jehovah suddenly thundered from the skies. That voice must be stopped, or slavery will be overthrown; its only safety is in silence. The Massachusetts Senator was jeered, derided, slighted in every way, left off the committees, and threatened and bullied; but all in vain. Like a Hebrew prophet, on whom the Lord had laid a burden, he must, and will speak. His facts cannot be disputed, his logic cannot be resisted, as the Jewish rulers said of Jesus, "Perceive ye how ye prevail nothing against Him? If we let him thus alone, all men will believe on Him." At last the plot is formed to pour out his blood in the senate chamber. The blow was given on May 22d, 1856, which laid him in his grave on March 16, 1874.

The caning of Senator Sumner was an event which opened the eyes of the world to the character of slavery. It was a mirror which reflected the sentiment of the slaveholding States. The assassin was expelled from the House of Representatives, only to be feted, and huzzared, and re-elected unanimously. It was the beginning of the end of American slavery. Sumner's blood cried from the Senate floor, and millions heard that cry, and united in the resolve that the institution whose only argument was the club of the assassin, should no more dominate over our nation. Thus the purpose was formed which resulted in the election of Abraham Lincoln four years afterwards.

We are not here to pronounce this great man faultless. The imperfections of great reformers are generally on a magnificent scale. Their habit of standing alone on their convictions, and bravely resisting all gainsayers, especially when coupled with a long possession of power, makes them opinionated and obstinate. This is the secret of the domestic infidelities of such men as John Wesley, John Milton, and Charles Sumner, who, from his aristocratic tastes and democratic principles and sympathies, might be called the American Milton. These found grief in wedlock, because the very qualities which made them great—their inflexibility of will, their self-sufficiency and habit of swaying men—disqualified them for those concessions which imperfect mortals must make to each other in order to live in peace in the most intimate relations of life. Men who have only the cold scintillations of genius to give to their wives, instead of the warm rays of love, ought never to marry, for God never made a true woman who could be happy with a substitution of admiration for genius in the place of love.

Again, I could wish that the great name of Sumner, like that of his col-

league (vice-President Wilson), had been enrolled in the great army of warriors against king Alcohol. But I can easily see that his antagonism to those forms of injustice which slavery involved, subsidized all his energies, and that he was not willing that anything should divide his aim or in the least divert him from his great life-work—the destruction of slavery and that progeny of wrongs which survived its downfall. We have no doubt that his sympathies were with this, and all other reforms; for it is impossible for a single conspicuous virtue to be isolated from the cluster which God hath made to grow upon one stem. We will not condemn him because he has not championed all reforms. We thank God for the bold and glorious fight which the man was enabled to make in behalf of justice and philanthropy. It was a rare gift to our race, to our nation, and especially to the oppressed, of an intellect so cultivated, a mind so lavishly endowed, a moral sense so clear, a life-purpose so high, a will so indomitable, all laid as a whole burnt-offering upon the altar of philanthropy. I call upon all Americans, all lovers of liberty throughout the world, to thank God on bended knees for the work which He has enabled Charles Sumner to do for this and all succeeding generations. He has demonstrated that it is possible to pass through the slime of party politics with an unstained robe—possible to sit for a score of years in the high places of power, with not so much as the suspicion of corruption tarnishing his name. He has left an example of political integrity and spotless purity of purpose which we hope will have many imitators.

We cannot refrain from remarking the contrast between the cold respect shown by the American people toward the memory of Millard Fillmore, and the tearful, heartfelt, spontaneous outpouring of sorrow over the bier of Charles Sumner. Why this difference? Fillmore climbed to a higher place of honor and power, the Presidency, while Sumner was scarcely ever named for that high office. So far as office is concerned, the city of Buffalo should have had more sincere mourners last week than the city of Boston to-day. Fillmore's moral character was as unblemished as Sumner's. In their private lives they were both above suspicion. Why then did the ex-President sink into his grave with only the cold complimentary mourning demanded by official etiquette, while the senator draws the nation to his coffin with choking sobs and flowing tears? I will tell you. The one was a politician, the other was a philanthropist. The one sought to lift his party into power, the other toiled and suffered to elevate humanity. The one, in easy compliance to the behests of party, signed the Fugitive Slave bill, and I presume did not lose an hour's sleep in consequence of that deed and damning disgrace; the other's high sense of justice burned so intensely that he could not rest till he erased that foul blot from the nation's statute books. It would seem as though Providence designed to bring out the contrast between these two men, by so ordering that the right hand that signed the iniquitous law, and the right hand that struck it out forever, should both lie dead before the nation's gaze on last Thursday, and that the one should be covered with earth without a tear in the nation's eye, while the death of the other convulses the heart of the Republic with anguish. We will not continue this suggestive contrast any farther. It strikingly demonstrates the truth of the poet's utterance—

"Our hearts ne'er bow but to superior worth,
And seldom fall of their allegiance there."

It teaches us that moral ends, the moral results of our lives, are only truly valuable. It is a dim reflection from human hearts of the great fact that God holds in honor only those who magnify His law and honor Him in the persons of the poor and oppressed who wear His image. It strikingly illustrates the truth of the fundamental Christian principle that sacrifice for the good of others brings men into the nearest conformity to God, and shows how poor, how paltry, how unsubsistent in the estimation of mankind are the more selfish successes of individuals, and how enduring the deeds unselfishly done for the good of others, especially for the poor and friendless.

Of the religious principles of Senator Sumner I know nothing, more than that he was an attendant upon King's Chapel, as was his father before him. It is probable that he acquiesced in that waning system of Unitarianism, now styled "Liberal Christianity." It finds its best exemplification in the life and death of Sumner. It intensifies the ethical and chills and represses the religious nature. Victims men it cannot recover; with the masses it is powerless. The few who have naturally a high moral endowment may keep from lapsing into immoralities, and may build up into strength. But such are moral monstrosities; their moral natures tower up like the domes of the Yosemite, bold and bare, sublime and unlovely. Evangelical Christianity builds the moral nature up to such heights, but covers them with evergreens that soften their sternness, and crowns them with flowers exhalting perpetual sweetness. There was a moral sublimity in the self-forgetfulness of the great senator amid the agonizing tortures which convulsed his bosom, and the recollection of his unflinched life-work, the making all American citizens, irrespective of color, equal before the law. "Take care of my Civil Rights Bill!"—human rights first and last; the ruling passion strong in death. It was sublime. It

would have been more sublime if, in addition, the name of Jesus, the resurrection and the life, had been uttered as the foundation of his hopes for the future—far more sublime if the swan-song of Christian triumph had rung out its music in the stillness of that dying chamber: "I have fought the good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith; and henceforth," etc.

The henceforth of this incorruptible statesman I will not divine; I am not his judge. All that I see is the potent fact that he has left this poor world better than he found it. But while I utter these words, there sounds in my ears those other words which cut out of the hope of heaven for all mere philanthropists: "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not love (toward God in Christ Jesus, as well as toward men), I am become as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal; and though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned (in martyrdom), and have not love, it profiteth me nothing." There is with God no acceptable substitute for the absence of love toward His only Son, our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep—love shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost—love as a well of water within, springing up to eternal life, even though listening senators may have bowed before our eloquence, and hoary iniquities have vanished before our breath, and unfettered millions make pilgrimages to scatter flowers upon our graves. Christianity is more than a perfect system of ethics; it is personal love toward a personal Saviour, enabling the soul to meet death, not with the stoicism of a philosopher, but with the believer's psalm of victory on his lips.

"O Love, thou bottomless abyss!
My sins are swallowed up in Thee;
Covered is my unrighteousness,
Nor spot of guilt remains on me,
While Jesus' blood, through earth and skies,
Mercy, free, boundless mercy cries."

CORRESPONDENCE.

TROY CONFERENCE.

The Burlington District has been highly favored this year. Bishop Wiley dedicated the church in Plattsburgh December 18, and Bishop James dedicated February 18th the new church in Shelburne, Rev. S. N. Beaudry, pastor, taking for his text Mal. iv. 2, clearly demonstrating the fact that Christianity was indispensable to our civilization, and its wonderful progress is hastening the time when prophecy shall be fulfilled, and righteousness shall cover the earth as the waters cover the great deep. It was an able presentation of this great theme, and thrilled the hearts of his listeners.

In the evening Rev. T. A. Griffin, Presiding Elder of Plattsburgh District, preached a powerful sermon from Isaiah lxiii. 1, "Mighty to save." The edifice, built of Wilburston stone, is 62x45 feet in size, with transepts 64x27 feet, and tower 108 feet, is two stories in height, containing church parlors, kitchen, class-rooms, and Sunday-school chapel. The inside finish is of oak; windows of stained glass; audience room plain and rich, gothic in style and trimmings, upholstered with scarlet terry, and the pews arranged in a semi-circle. The entire cost of the church was \$25,000.

The following day the Church at North Ferrisburgh was re-opened, Bishop James preaching from John i. 14, taking for his subject, "The Incarnation of the Lord Jesus and its Purposes." In the evening there was preaching by Rev. W. W. Foster, of Vergennes. This church has been closed for repairs since July, 1872, and as now enlarged and beautified, is 64x36 feet, constructed of wood, exquisitely ornamented, having a corner tower 127 feet high. The audience room, reached by a flight of stairs in the tower, is pleasant, finely finished in black ash, with beautifully decorated walls. The seating capacity, including a gallery in the rear, and choir chairs at the left of the pulpit, is over 300. Pulpit furnishings and pews are in green terry. The style is a modification of the gothic; its cost was about \$9,000. Rev. J. H. Bond is the pastor.

The Pittsford, Shelburne and Fairhaven Churches are enjoying gracious revivals; also the Church in Middlebury has been visited with the divine presence, and success has attended the earnest labors of the beloved pastor, W. H. Meeker.

The final session, for this Conference year, of the Burlington District Ministerial Association, met at Rutland Feb. 24 and 25, and was an occasion of much interest and profit. The first day essays were read by Revs. Oren Gregg, Presiding Elder, and J. W. Bennett, on the "State of the Soul After Death." After criticisms and reply, the "Salvation of Children" was discussed by Rev. J. J. Noe and others, impressing the truth that children should be instructed carefully and thoroughly in the Word of God, and be, early in life, brought into the fold of Christ. In the evening Rev. Milton Tator preached an excellent sermon from John xvii. 38, on "What is Truth?"

On Thursday morning the annual election of officers occurred. Rev. J. W. Bennett was elected treasurer, and Rev. W. W. Foster, jr., secretary. A president is chosen at each session of the Association, and a committee on programme appointed quarterly. Resolutions were offered in regard to the illness of Rev. D. P. Hulford, who has been prostrated with partial paralysis. Essays were read during the day, and an educational meeting was held in the evening, addressed by Rev. Dr. New-

man of Poughkeepsie, Prof. H. M. Seely of Middlebury College, and Rev. Henry Graham of Burlington. Thus closed an energetic meeting, made pleasant by the faithful pastor of the Church, Rev. H. F. Austin. The attendance of ministers was large, and some bore the impress of hard labor.

There have been two dedications on the Plattsburgh District, and a wonderful revival spirit is manifest. The energetic Elder, Rev. T. A. Griffin, has personally, as far as possible, labored in these meetings, adding a great interest. His earnest desire is the conversion of men, and he is truly a model man in his position.

At Moores, N. Y., has the work been especially glorious. The faithful Israel went to work with determination, and the results are over 300 born into the kingdom.

Rev. J. M. King of Saratoga, has been obliged from ill health to go South, hoping to take work at Conference.

The elegant new church at Schenectady was dedicated March 12th, by Rev. B. I. Ives. Rev. I. G. Bidwell, of your Conference, was the preacher in the evening. This is one of the most beautiful churches of the Conference, and the next session meets there April 15th.

The Lord is with us, bless His name.
W. W. F. Jr.

LETTER FROM PITTSBURGH.

Our educational facilities have grown so rapidly within a decade or two, as to fully equal any other city in this respect. Light, supposed to dawn in the East, fades away in the West, but culminates in the centre. Once we turned to the East in quest of schools; to do so now, so far as our daughters are concerned, would be to go farther, and perhaps fare worse. Many regard Pittsburgh as the great factory of the continent, and associate with it only the forging of iron or clanking of machinery, and blaze and roar of a thousand furnaces; yet it is rapidly taking rank as an educational centre. Indeed, it justly claims to have the leading school for the education of ladies in the United States, under the care of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

The Pittsburgh Female College is undoubtedly the best arranged and equipped in the country. The buildings are large, and of the most modern finish, and superbly furnished. The facilities are first-class, and the discipline mild, but firm, and students are thoroughly trained in their studies. The college buildings are admirably located in a central and nice part of the city. The Board of Instruction comprises twenty-eight teachers. Such is the standing of the institution in this community, that though while the supervision of the Methodist Episcopal Church, it is liberally patronized by all denominations. At its public entertainments the hall is crowded with the best and most cultivated in the community. Rev. Dr. Pershing, the President, widely known through the Church as a superior educator and pulpit speaker, has brought the institution up to the high place it has attained. Possessed of superb administrative talents, the institution, under his direction, has been carried forward in every department successfully.

But our design was not so much to write of the College, as of a new enterprise just inaugurated in connection with, and hereafter to constitute an integral part of the institution. The trustees have just organized a Conservatory of Music, on the plan of the best conservatories of Europe. Twelve eminent teachers have already been engaged and are at work. Instruction is given in the theory of music, harmony, thorough-bass, counterpoint, composition, etc. Also in the use of the piano, grand organ, reed organ, guitar, flute, violin, etc. A choral society for the study and performance of the works of the great masters, and also an orchestra, will be organized in due time. It is the purpose of the management to make it equal to the best. The College in this respect has rare advantages in its location and great facilities.

A superb grand organ has been ordered from the celebrated manufactory of E. & G. G. Hook & Hastings, of your city. The instrument in course of preparation has three banks of keys, two and a half octaves of pedals, with thirty notes on the pedal. It has been carefully devised to comprise all the essential features of a large organ—in fact, is a large organ adapted to educational purposes as well as for concerts. It has three manuals, a feature characterizing organs of the largest class, with a pedal of unusual compass. The stops of each manual—chorus, expression and alto—are selected to give the greatest range of variation in tone, and afford the student the amplest opportunity to study the best effect in solo and combination. It is well built, in a style unique and attractive, and of superior finish, that will all please the ear and eye. It will be the largest and most complete organ for educational purposes ever built in America, promising to be a most important and attractive feature of the new conservatory, and additional credit to the eminent organ builders is so widely known.

The Spring term of the college and conservatory will open March 26th. The charges in the college and conservatory are claimed to be lower than institutions offering equal advantages and accommodation in the United States. The aim of the Trustees is to put a finished education of the highest grade within the reach of the largest possible number of worthy applicants. While there are many institutions worthy of a liberal support, yet in every community some parents and guardians prefer to send to some distant and worthy institution. To such this college and the conservatory offer rare attractions, and we hope its halls may be crowded with pupils.

Mass., and the Hon. H. K. Bradbury of

Mass., and the Hon. H. K. Bradbury of
Holla.

Bishop Haven must take a company of his
colored ministers to the Mansion House in
Troy, N. Y., and deliver one of his charac-
teristic addresses in the dining-room. When
the company of gentlemen colored men and
colored ladies, composing the band of
Hampton student singers, stopped the other
day at the above mentioned house in Troy,
the white girl waiters refused to attend
upon the tables. To the credit of the
proprietors they stood by their guests, and re-
lating the circumstances to their permanent
boarders, the latter voluntarily came to the
rescue, and, against the protestations of the
modest singers, insisted upon waiting upon
them while they took their meal. Good for
them! If the matter has come down to so
low a point that only Mary and Bridget are
recalcitrant, caste must give way. Perhaps,
after all, we shall not need to recall the
Bishop from his Southern work.

The city authorities have secured a cul-
tivated and brilliant orator in Mr. Carl Schurz
to deliver the public eulogy upon Mr. Sum-
ner. There will be much interest felt to
hear him, and he will, without doubt, meet
the high expectations of his audience. But
how could they be guilty of such an insult
to New England as to put out of its ranks
such an occasion as this, and neglect to call
to the service an infinitely better man for
the occasion—our own inimitable orator,
the friend, and in some sense teacher, of
the school of freedom, of Mr. Sumner—Wen-
dell Phillips? It will detract from the en-
joyment of the service to remember that one
of all others the most worthy to perform it,
has been singularly overlooked by our mu-
nicipal officials. We sincerely hope that
Mr. Phillips will be asked to deliver, at
another time, such an address as he only
from his personal reminiscences is enabled
to give.

Hon. Benjamin Mudge, the last of the
memorable Methodist family of which the
venerable Enoch Mudge was a member,
died suddenly last week. He was approach-
ing the ninety-eighth year of his age. He
was a man who, in his long life, has com-
manded universal respect—a trusted
citizen, an honored official, a pillar in the
Lynn Common Methodist Episcopal Church.
He died full of years, in the peace of the
gospel of Christ. He was buried last Mon-
day from the Common Street Church. The
last service was a beautiful one. Very
many of the friends of the deceased were
present. "Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah!"
He had been for many years a member of
the Methodist Episcopal Church. A biograph-
ical sketch will appear hereafter.

The Dakota League is a Society organized
in the Massachusetts Diocese of the Pro-
testant Episcopal Church, for the support
of Indian missions in our country. Very
much interest has been awakened, by its
correspondence with missionaries, in behalf
of the red men. It has just published an
interesting pamphlet, containing the dying
testimony of an intelligent, converted In-
dian preacher, Rev. Paul Mazakute. The
tract, which can be obtained at the Con-
gregational publishing house, corner of Beacon
and Somerset Streets, is full of pathetic in-
terest, demonstrating both the power of
the gospel and its adaptation to the condi-
tion of this long abused race.

The New York Tribune every Monday
morning issues reports of many of the ser-
mons preached in that city and vicinity on
the previous Sabbath. This work, now that
it has been made a specialty, is executed
with care and intelligence, and gives this
issue of the paper an especial value. The
Sabbath Tribune is mailed to clergymen for
seventy cents a month.

Dr. Kynett has prepared, in the form of a
small tract, handsomely printed, the an-
swer, in a comprehensive manner, to those
questions about the Church Extension So-
ciety: What is it? What does it? How is
it done? What has been done? All our
ministers will probably receive it. The
Doctor wishes to know, doubtless, "what
you are going to do about it?"

We learn by a private letter from Alexan-
der, dated February 25th, that the arrival at
that port of Mr. Kingsley and her two
daughters, en route to Beirut. Dr. Strong,
Dr. Ridgway and wife, and Prof. Haney of
Madison University, were of the party,
which was to have left for Cairo on the 10th
ultimo.

The Christian at Work presents a
"counterfeit presentation" of its editor, Rev.
T. De Witt Talmage. The portrait is said
to be a good one. Mr. Talmage is not hand-
some; but the face fully justifies the sharp,
lively, rough earnestness of this very
active editor and preacher. The paper is
constantly improving in interest.

Rev. J. L. Hauser, of Milwaukee, editor
and publisher of the Christian Statesman,
the only Protestant religious paper pub-
lished in Wisconsin, late one of our mis-
sionaries in India, has been spending a few
days in Boston. He delivered a fine mis-
sionary address at Grace Church on Sab-
bath afternoon.

Our esteemed correspondent, Rev. W. F.
Mallieau, has been sadly bereaved in the
death of his only daughter. "Half of my
dearest ones are in heaven," he says in a pri-
vate note—"my mother and my little
Bromie. But heaven is nearer, and Christ
is dearer. The cup is not all bitter. They
do not come back to us, but we go to them.
Thank God for this!"

We have received about \$100 for the
Pastor Cook fund. We shall acknowledge
all the contributions in detail hereafter in
the HERALD. We hope our pastors will
take up a collection, even if it be small, for
the bereaved family of this heroic and devoted
Christian martyr.

Our correspondent, Rev. Charles King,
late of the Kansas Conference, has been
transferred again to the East. His post-
office address now is Washington, D. C.

One of the best pictures of Sumner's fine
face forms the first page of the last issue of
Harper's Weekly.

Rev. John P. Otis, just transferred to the
Virginia Conference, has been sadly afflicted
by the sudden death of his mother. May
God comfort him.

The law department of the Illinois Wes-
leyan University will be organized next
term. There will doubtless be a large at-
tendance of students from present indica-
tions.

Rev. Jas. Porter's many friends, by turn-
ing to our "Post-office Address" depart-
ment, will find his direction to be 123 Mc-
Donough Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

As you announced in your last issue, Hon.
David Kala Kana ("The Day of Battle")
has achieved the bloodless victory, and is

the elected king of "Hawaii" (or
group of Hawaiian Islands). We can but
think the meagre telegraphic account we
get via San Francisco, of trouble at the re-
sult, is exaggerated. Of one thing we feel
very confident, that no person in the king-
dom would condemn any such manifesta-
tion as stronger terms than Queen Emma.
The Hawaiian as a people are law abid-
ing, but it is not strange that there might be
gathered at Honolulu, the principal city,
a crowd of roughs who could make trouble.
As we have no notice in the account given
of the native guard, it is fair to presume that
any outbreak was entirely unexpected and
unprovided for.

King David, we think, will be found a
good ruler for his people. His amiable traits
of character give much to hope for. We
notice he has selected as cabinet officers, a
native Englishman, W. M. Green, a Ger-
man, H. Wideman, and an American,
Judge Hartwell (formerly of Suffolk bar,
we think). G. D. GILMAN.

NOTES FROM THE CHURCHES.

Massachusetts.

North Dana.—Rev. L. White, for five
years Principal of New Salem Academy, has
resigned, much to the regret of the students.
He was loved and respected by all; and his
loss will be felt by many. He is a faithful
and successful teacher.

Monson.—In this charge the Lord has
been greatly blessing Brother Silverthorn
and his people, the Church recently having
been much quickened in the divine life, and
become very active in the work of Christ.
Souls have been soundly converted to God.
For over two weeks we held extra meetings,
a part of the time three meetings a day, and
well attended. Rev. E. Davies was with us
about eleven days, laboring hard and with
some success; and a young local preacher
from Wilbraham helped us several evenings.
A band of noble young Christian women
has been formed. They hold prayer-meet-
ings in a dwelling house a half hour before
our general meetings at the church, and
under the baptism of the Holy Ghost come
to the front ready for Christian work. Their
labors are blessed. We are praying and
believing for more of Christ.

Chicopee.—A mighty work is in progress
here. Scores of penitents are flocking to
our altars. Our church is not large enough
to contain the eager multitudes who gather
to listen to the glad tidings. We have al-
ready had some twenty-five sound conver-
sions, and the work is yet in full power.
Mostly young men and young women are
coming out valiantly on the Lord's side.
Brother John Allen and members of the
Wesleyan band of Springfield have as-
sisted the pastor during the past week.
To God be all the glory. Pray for Chicopee,
that this mighty work may destroy every
vestige of idolatry, spiritualism, and all
other devices of Satan in our midst.

Chilmark.—Christ's followers in Chil-
mark, in the spirit of holiness and desiring
a deeper work of grace, are praying God to
revive His work. One young man, a wan-
derer from the fold, has returned, confessing
his sins, and found acceptance. In North
Saugus on the 15th we had our Sabbath-
school concert. A new organ has been
kindly purchased by our good Sister Hitt-
ings for our use. May God bless her with
the love of Jesus. At our meeting in the
evening Brother Kavalian, from Turkey,
gave us a most stirring discourse of hope,
at which there were present about 120. The
service was followed by an experience meet-
ing, at which our dear Jesus was in our
midst. The good sisters have formed a
temperance band, and are enrolling many
names in that noble cause. Over forty have
signed the pledge.

Wales.—Brother J. F. Bassett, after his
acquaintance of two years with the church at
Wales, says, "it has done much to remove
the prejudice we had received against
both the Society and the town. It has been
called a sort of 'hard-curable' for preachers;
and it was even hinted that we might
starve." But he congratulates himself on
having saved such bad experience. Accord-
ing to their ability the friends have given
liberally to his support, and all other calls.
The estimates of both years (\$100 in ex-
cess of any previous year) have been fully
met, in addition to several valuable gifts.
During his pastorate there have been 13
baptisms, 14 received in full and 25 on proba-
tion; he has attended 21 out of the 25 fun-
erals in the place, 3 of them only being for
members of our Church; a new organ has
been purchased; the parsonage made
additionally comfortable, and is one of the
finest on Worcester District; the meet-
ing-house has also been newly shingled. The
station is one not to be despised, as "a day
of small things," but worthy in every way
the labor of any consecrated, loving, hard-
working for Christ.

The town is one "beautiful situation,"
its only drawback being that it is located off
the "rail." The spirit of enterprise may be
judged from the fact that sixteen dwell-
ings and one large brick mill, in addition to
the five mills previously in operation, has
been erected during the two years. The
Baptist Society, or rather their most wealthy
and devoted member, Brother Elijah Shaw,
is putting up a very beautiful and very com-
modious church edifice. In their new vestry,
just completed, worship commenced in the
very pleasant manner of holding union pro-
tracted services, which it is earnestly hoped
will result in a very general revival of God's
work.

Maine.

Eldridge.—Since Mr. Fowler's first
coming here, February 26th, there has been
an interest among the unconverted, back-
sliders and cold-hearted Christians, un-
known for years in this vicinity. He is
doing a great work, and many souls are
coming out on the Lord's side. Mr. F.'s
first efforts met with success, all being
packed, and many turned away. The hall
evangelical ministers co-operated with him.
The meetings last week were held in the
Methodist Episcopal Church, which holds
800 or more. God's Spirit was with the
people. Mr. Fowler is not very excitable. As
one said, "not a baptized earthquake." There
have been about 200 or more conversions,
and still they are coming, and the work
is on the increase. In the Methodist
Episcopal Sabbath-school the invitation by
the pastor was given to those that had
started during the past two weeks, and had
found the Saviour, to stand up, as he wished
to see how many there were; and there
were upwards of 60 that had found the Sav-
iour, old and young. The school numbers
275.

Bangor District Conference.—The third
Bangor District Conference was held in
Winterport, March 10, with quite large
delegations from the District, and several
ministers from other Districts. Sermons
were preached by Brothers G. Smith, Beas-
and G. R. Palmer. Our respected Presi-
dent, Rev. Geo. Pratt's term of office expires
as President Elder this year. He leaves the
District in a very prosperous condition.

The business assigned to the Conference was
transacted expeditiously, yet without hurry
or friction.

The essays all indicated that their authors
had tried to meet their responsibility. The
discussions were lively and profitable. Home
missions and Sunday-schools received very
unpopular notice, but not to say pernicious lit-
erature sometimes found in our Sunday-
school libraries, it was wisely recommended
that our schools purchase their books from
our own Book Agency. Two essays were
presented on Church Music, though differ-
ing widely on some points, uniting on the
subject of congregational singing, and sug-
gesting only that all the singers unite with them.

The next place of meeting was fixed at Ox-
ter, the time to be named by the Presiding
Elder. The following committees were ap-
pointed: Public Worship, the Preacher in
Charge at Dexter; To examine Local
Preachers in Doctrine and Discipline, A.
Church, T. B. Tupper and S. S. Gross;
Benevolent Operations, W. B. Eldridge,
Hiram Ruggles and C. A. Southard; Sun-
day-schools, E. M. Tibbets, George Jones and
P. A. Curtis; Ministry and Church Ex-
tension, the Presiding Elder, William Tripp
and Levi C. Dunn; Literary Exercises, the
Pastors of the Bangor and Brewer Churches.
Should any of the above named brethren
cease to become members of this District
by removal, their places will be filled by
their successors.

J. W. H. CHROMWELL, Secretary.

An interesting report is in progress in
Westbrook, at Duck Pond school-house, un-
der the labors of Rev. E. Sanborn.

Dr. Eggleston, of Brooklyn, is to address
the District Conference at Gorham on Sun-
day-school work.

Rev. Mr. Dole, supplying the Plymouth
Church pulpit for three months, has been
called to his pastorate.

The revival interest continues at Congress
Street, Portland, and at Cape Elizabeth
Ferry.

The revival interest continues at Brother
Pittsford's Church, Portland, and also at Mr.
Wright's Congregational Church. There is
no abatement in the interest at Biddeford.

The Methodist Episcopal Church at New-
field is enjoying prosperity under the labors
of Rev. J. A. Strout. Several have been
recently converted, and others are seeking
the Saviour. Mr. Elisha Piper, an old resi-
dent of the village, not a member of this
Church, has recently presented them with a
fine metal bell, costing \$350. At first he
wanted to provide for it in his will, but
concluded to share the pleasure of its ring-
ing in his life-time.

Rev. S. F. Jones, of Chestnut Street
Church, delivered an eloquent address be-
fore the Woman's Christian Association of
Portland, at their regular Quarterly Meeting
last Friday. This Society is doing an ex-
cellent work in the city, in visiting the fam-
ilies, providing evening instruction for the
working-girls, and in securing places for
young women who come to the city stran-
gers. Within the year past they have pur-
chased and furnished a house, to give
these girls a temporary home till they can
secure employment. These ladies are wor-
thy of all commendation for their self-sacri-
ficing labors.

The Congregational Church at Limington
Corner, Rev. R. D. Osmond pastor, is enjoy-
ing a precious revival spirit. The interest
is general in the village, and embraces the
scholars attending the Academy.

Rev. Dr. Shaller, pastor of the First Baptist
Church, Portland, preached a sermon last
Sabbath, reviewing the twenty years
of his pastorate with this Church. This
Church has one of the best Sunday-schools
in the State, which is enjoying at present a
revival among the adult scholars.

Mr. Francis Murphy, of Portland, who
was redeemed from a life of intemperance
and crime three years ago, was elected Presi-
dent of the Washington Reform Club at
their annual meeting last week, and em-
ployed to canvass the State in the interests
of temperance. No one can listen to his
tale of sin and salvation without being
struck to new devotion in the work of the
Master.

Rev. Mr. Southworth, seamen's chaplain
at Portland, is making two dozen cases for
sailors' libraries for the use of the sailors at
sea. The chaplain has already put one hun-
dred of these libraries on board ships leav-
ing this port.

T. S. P. Miller, a colored boy of Port-
land, has recently received the degree of
M. D. from Howard University, Wash-
ington.

Rev. J. C. Andrews, who has been sup-
plying the Baptist pulpit at Goodwin's Mills,
was ordained and installed pastor over this
Church March 12th. Dr. Henry of New-
ton, Mass., preached the sermon.

Rev. J. Collins, at Waldoboro', though in
feeble health, is pushing successfully the
good work with his characteristic energy
and faith.

The Church at Thomaston is exercising
"a little more faith in Jesus." Rev. C.
Stone's term of three years of faithful labors
here is closing with a refreshing revival.

The Church at Camden is untiringly lab-
oring under their judicious and earnest pastor,
Rev. J. W. Day. Extra efforts have result-
ed in an extensive revival.

Rev. C. E. Knowlton's abundant and faith-
ful labors in revival work have continued from
last September at Rockport. Nearly three
hundred have been converted in these
meetings, and still the work goes on. Six
forward for prayers a few evenings since.

Rockland, favored with the untiring lab-
ors of Rev. J. O. Knowles, is enjoying the
most extensive reformation ever known in
this city, reaching all classes; meetings
crowded, and hundreds obliged to go away.
GAMMA.

East Maine Gospelists.—As Con-
ference draweth near there is the usual dispen-
sation of duty within our borders. Never-
theless, this portion of the year is character-
ized by great activity on many of our charges.
Reports of quite extensive revivals come in
from all the Districts. There is hard work
to be done here, but the harvest of souls is
as sure as elsewhere. In the main the health
of the preachers and their families has been
good, though there are sad losses over which
we shall mourn as we come together in May.

Some of the brethren are feeling that they
must at that time cease their active
labors in the Master's service. God bless
them! They have wrought well, and are
worthy of all honor. Reports also reach
our ears from time to time that some of the
stars are to be switched out of our midst to
shine in other constellations. Well, we hope
they won't shine there with borrowed light.
By the way, we have caught the rumors
of the death of a President? If so, we
really do! Do they need a President? If so,
we can supply just the man. We don't
want to part with him, but he has just the
fitness for the place, and would honor Meth-
odism and do a world of good. Allow us to
nominate Dr. Allen, president of our State
Agricultural College, as the right man. He
is modest, manly, cultivated, and in a few
years would be as widely known as any man
in the connection; and no man would better
and more deeply impress the young men
under his charge.

The re-union between this and the Maine
Conference, to arrange for which a grave
and distinguished committee was appointed
by each Conference at its last session, has
just closed, or, down; really, one can't tell
which.

The revivals at Camden, Rockport and
Rockland still continue, and also at other
points. Brother Simonton, at Weeks' Mills,
is rejoicing in a very promising work at
Wiscasset.

Brother Springer and his estimable wife
have been much afflicted in the sickness of
their children. They are now in a fair way
to recover.

We are deeply pained to learn of the
death of Rev. H. P. Blood. A more devoted
and honorable minister of the Lord Jesus it
would be hard to find. In labors more
abundant than his brethren, we loved him
for his goodness, while he was a constant
fountain of blessing to us by his zeal,
earnestness and genuine piety. His mem-
ory is fragrant.

Because you Westerners have been blessed
with so mild a winter, we downeasters have
enjoyed a corresponding blessing, for our
ice crop is the "biggest thing on ice" in the
country. The thousands of men swarmed in
the country. Elsewhere there is great ac-
tivity, and the crop gathered must be very
large.

Rockland, having put on metropolitan
airs, is to have a daily paper in a few
weeks. A new granite custom house is
being built, and a new court house is one
of the things speedily to be. How are you
managing the two Conference sessions? We
want Editor and Agent all the time. Both of
you belong to us, and one we make. Maine
Conference must fend off this time.

Yours, O'KASHIONAL.

Connecticut.

Stafford Springs.—The revival influence
is still with us. Since January 1st, 70 or
more have found peace. Forty of these
have joined a praying band that is becoming
a power. Elsewhere there is great ac-
tivity, and the crop gathered must be very
large.

At the Hope Street church, the revival
and the new church, of which only the ves-
try is now occupied, have largely increased
the attendance upon all the services. The
trustees have decided to finish the audience
room at once. It is expected to be ready
for dedication in two or three months.

The good people of Phenix recently paid
their pastor, Rev. H. D. Robinson, a dona-
tion visit, when they left for him and his
wife substantial tokens of regard. At the
Sabbath-school conference, the new organ,
the Sunday-school classes presented him a
fine oil painting, elegantly framed. With
his other friends, we say, "is no better than
he deserves."

A summer memorial service was held in
the Methodist Episcopal Church, Westbury,
on the morning of the 15th inst., when Rev.
F. A. Crafts preached an able sermon from
Jer. ix. 23.

NEWS SUMMARY.

Judge Louis Dent, a brother of Mrs.
Grant, died in Washington Sunday, after a
prolonged illness.

Disraeli, on Saturday, refused to receive a
deputation to ask for the release of the Fen-
ians.

Advices from Spain announce that a de-
ree has been promulgated establishing a
national bank; also that the wife of Don
Carlos has given birth to a daughter.

The March of Miles

Standish:
A TINTED LITHOGRAPH.

Illustrating a historic scene that actu-
ally took place in the history of the
Pilgrims, when Miles Standish, with
eight Pilgrims and an Indian chief
(Hobomok) for a scout, marched from
the barren coast of Plymouth Bay to
quell a hostile demonstration of Indi-
ans. Longfellow alludes to this inci-
dent in the following lines:—

"Figures ten in the mist marched slowly
out of the village;
Standish, the stalwart, it was, with eight of
his valorous army,
Led by their Indian guide—by Hobomok,
friend of the white men;
Northward marching to quell the sudden
revolt of the savages.
Giants they seemed in the mist, or mighty
men of King David;
Giants in heart they were, who believed in
God and the Bible."

The lithograph represents this heroic
band starting on that perilous adven-
ture, which, after a few hours' march,
fell upon their foes in the darkness of
night, and achieved a victory which se-
cured favorable terms of peace, and
saved the colony from destruction.

At great expense we have secured a
copy-right of this beautiful Picture, for
the benefit of the readers of ZION'S
HERALD. No paper or periodical in
America has offered a picture of EQUAL
MERIT.

If the picture was placed in the mar-
ket, with ordinary chances of sale, no
publisher would offer it for less than
Five to Ten Dollars; and it is only by
contracting for a large quantity that we
can offer it to the subscribers of ZION'S
HERALD by paying 50 cents extra in
addition to the subscription price of the
paper.

So far as we have heard, the picture
has given almost universal satisfaction.

We should be glad to publish all the
complimentary letters received, but
have space for only a few.

Rev. John S. C. Abbott, who has
written a very interesting history of the
Puritan Captain, writes as follows:
"I have just received your beautiful
Tinted Lithograph of the March of
Miles Standish. It is so attractive as a
picture, so excellent as a work of art,
and historically so accurate, that I in-
tend immediately to place it in a frame,
as one of the chief ornaments of my
parlor wall."

From New York:—"The Litho-
graph arrived safely yesterday. Very
pretty, and an excellent picture."

The Old Colony Memorial:—"A
picture worth having. A truly valu-
able picture, which ought to have a
world-wide circulation among the lov-
ers of the heroic spirit and indomita-
ble pluck of the Puritan Standish."

From New Hampshire:—"The pic-
ture came to hand all right. I have
had it framed, and it looks so well that
I can (as far as I have seen other pre-
mium pictures) endorse your state-
ment, that it is superior to any picture
offered as a premium for subscribers
by other papers. My five year old
boy, after looking at it for some time,
asked, 'Why don't they walk? What
are they standing still for?' The pic-
ture is a great success."

From Canada:—"I am much de-
lighted with the 'March of Miles
Standish,' received this day. The mem-
bers of my family and others are de-
lighted with the picture."

From Maine:—"Your premium for
Zion's Herald is a perfect gem—a
historical picture to be framed and pre-
served. I hope you will send thou-
sands all over the land."

From Massachusetts:—"The Litho-
graph is greatly admired by all who
see it."

From Rhode Island:—"I am
pleased with the Lithograph; it is a
fine picture."

We might quote from many other
letters, received from about every State
in the Union, expressing the same in
substance, but for the present, will re-
frain. Enough has been given to indi-
cate the favor with which it has been
received.

Our supply is limited, but hope we
have enough to furnish all subscribers
to ZION'S HERALD with a copy as soon
as the conditions are complied with.
It is now ready for delivery, and all
orders have been filled, up to the pres-
ent time.

A. S. WEED, Publisher.

A thing of Beauty is a Joy Forever.

THE
RISING SUN
STOVE POLISH

For Beauty of Polish, Saving of Labor,
Freedom from Dust, Durability and
"Cleanliness," truly Unrivalled in any
Country.
MORSE, BROS., Proprietors,
201 CANTON, MASS.

IMPORTANT STATEMENTS.

EDITORIAL.

From the Pen of Col. C. G. Greene
Boston Post, July 7, 1864.

"Having experienced benefit from the
practice of Dr. Lighthill, in a case of chronic
Catarrh, and witnessed his success in many
instances of Deafness, impaired and lost
sight, we can recommend him as a physician
whose knowledge and skill entitle him to the
confidence of the public."

From the Rev. Dr. Deems,
NEW YORK, PASTOR OF THE "CHURCH OF
THE STRANGERS."

My daughter was afflicted a long time
with a serious Catarrh of the eye, seemed
to be undermining her whole constitution.
After numerous experiments, I examined
Dr. Lighthill's mode, and then placed her
under his care.

It gives me great pleasure to say that not
only were the local troubles entirely re-
moved, but also her general health improved
rapidly, and that she is now in better health
than ever before, and as robust and full of
spirits as if she had never had an ailment.

CHAS. J. DEEMS.

No. 4 WINTHROP PLACE, NEW YORK.

A Radical Case of Deafness from the
Ear of over 30 years' standing.

STATEMENT OF MR. W. W. STICKNEY,
UNITED STATES HOTEL.

For the good of those who may suffer
from deafness from the Ear, I am pleased
to state that Dr. A. P. Lighthill radically
cured a discharging ear of mine, the result
of scarlet fever, from which I suffered as
long as I can remember, and which hereto-
fore defied all medical skill.

W. W. STICKNEY.

Mr. Paul J. Bishop's Card.

Boston, March 3, 1872.

To the Deaf, and those requiring the
services of a skillful artist, I would earnestly
recommend Dr. A. P. Lighthill, 23 Beacon
Street, who has cured me of deafness of long
standing, attended with discharging ear and
distressing noises. PAUL J. BISHOP,
Weber Bros. Rooms, Boston, Oct. 25, 1871.

Dr. Lighthill can be consulted at his office,
23 Beacon Street, from 9 A. M. till 7 P. M.,
and from 2 P. M. till 4 P. M., on all diseases
of the Ear, Eye, Nose, Throat and Chest.

The Recognized Panacea

For the positive removal of Hacking Cough,
Cold, Diphtheria, Irritation of the Throat, In-
fluenza, Whooping Cough, and Lung Complaints,
is DR. TOLPITT'S SYRUP OF TAR. It is fully
appreciated by physicians, and is a safe,
and reliable remedy.

W. W. STICKNEY.

PATENT

UPRIGHT PIANOS!

Something Entirely New, and
great importance to the
Musical World!

BY an improvement, for which letters

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Second Quarter.
Bible Lesson Series, April 5.
Lesson XIV. Exodus 20:1-17.
BY L. D. BARROWS, D. D.
THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

1 And God spake all these words, saying,
2 I am the Lord thy God, which have
brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out
of the house of bondage.

3 Thou shalt have no other gods before
me.

4 Thou shalt not make unto thee any
graven image, or any likeness of anything
that is in heaven above, or that is in the
earth beneath, or that is in the water under
the earth;

5 Thou shalt not bow down thyself to
them, nor serve them; for I, the Lord thy
God, am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity
of the fathers upon the children unto the
third and fourth generation of them that
hate me;

6 And showing mercy unto thousands
of them that love me and keep my command-
ments.

7 Thou shalt not take the name of the
Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not
hold him guiltless that taketh his name in
vain.

8 Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it
holy.

9 Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy
work;

10 But the seventh day is the sabbath of
the Lord thy God; in it thou shalt not do
any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter,
thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant,
nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is
within thy gates;

11 For in six days the Lord made heaven
and earth, the sea, and all that in them is,
and rested the seventh day; wherefore the
Lord blessed the Sabbath-day, and hallowed
it.

12 Honor thy father and thy mother; that
thou mayest prosper, and be well to it, which
is the Lord thy God's first commandment.

13 Thou shalt not kill.

14 Thou shalt not commit adultery.

15 Thou shalt not steal.

16 Thou shalt not bear false witness
against thy neighbor.

17 Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's
house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's
wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-
servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any-
thing that is thy neighbor's.

I am the Lord thy God is a suitable
preface to this inimitable code of moral
law. It sets forth the ground on which
its authority rests—His relation to us.
He who gives being to us, properly gives
us law; and as the children of Israel have
become an independent nation and
Church, to work out the high and noble
purposes God had announced and
promised to Abraham and his seed, it is
fundamental in His purposes that they
should have His law, eternal and
changeless, that is to govern them and
all His universe. This constitutes one
of the chief epochs in God's revelation
to His Church and to the race.

The giving of the law and the opening
of the gospel are peculiarly alike,
for the marked and rare events of being
announced by "God's own voice from
cloud, tempest and fire" (Deut. iv. 24,
v. 26; Math. iii. 17). It is not strange
"that all the people that were in the
camp trembled, and that Mount Sinai
did quake greatly." Of that trumpet
blast, heard then, and perhaps never
since, and never to be heard again, it
may be, till the final call to Judgment,
we can have but little conception.

No other gods before Me prohibits
all idol worship. Worship has its seat
in the heart, or feelings, called the
moral nature, and consists of the chief
or supreme love and adoration of the
soul. Hence this command not only
forbids all formal idol worship, but
it equally prohibits all love and adora-
tion for any and all other objects of
affection, equal to that we have for
God, whether that subordinate object
may be wealth, fame, friends, or any
indulgence. Thus it is that the apostle
calls covetousness idolatry. "Lovest
thou Me more than these?" will show
us at once whether or not we are idol-
ators. It is at once the proof and fruit
of our depravity that we are inclined
to love objects more than God. From
this tendency divine grace only can
save us. This precept recognizes and
enjoins the unity of God; and hence is
against polytheism, and is of universal
obligation. "My glory I will not give
to another." This command is the
foundation of all the others, and fully
obeyed in letter and spirit, would con-
vert earth into paradise.

Thou shalt not make unto thee, etc.,
prohibits all attempts at material rep-
resentations of the Deity, even to aid
our conceptions of Him. History and
mythology show that such representa-
tions of the Deity led directly and
speedily to idol-worship itself. The
visible soon displaces the invisible, and
the creature is enthroned in place of
the Creator. The Egyptians wor-
shipped nearly everything in heaven
above (except God), in the earth be-
neath, and in the waters under the
earth; and hence the exhaustive nature
of this prohibition, that no possible nor
imaginable creature could be left out of
the interdicted catalogue. Fifty days
of liberty in wilderness experience had
hardly passed, before the children of
Israel showed, in the matter of the
golden calf, how liable they were to be
led back into idolatry by this means.
Dr. Clarke says, "the Roman Catholic
Church has left the whole of this second
command out of the decalogue. . . . though
it is found in every MSS. of the Hebrew
Pentateuch that has ever yet been
discovered." . . . "This corrup-
tion of the Word of God by the
Roman Catholic Church stamps it, as a
false and heretical Church, with the
deepest infamy."

Upon the children, unto the third and
fourth generation, relates not to any
guilt of children for the father's sins,
but to the evil temporal consequences
resulting to the children of sinful pa-
rents, and particularly in national
judgments. God never punishes, strictly
speaking, one for the sins of another,
Ezek. xviii. 2, 3, 4.

Thou shalt not take the name of the
Lord thy God in vain shows the man-
ner in which we are to regard and
speak of Him. The "original term,"
says, signifies both what is false and
what is vain; and so false swearing
and a frivolous use of His name is here
forbidden. Judicial oaths, which are
the instruments of all legal investiga-
tions, and the protection of our civil
rights, lose all their significance and
force when the existence and name of
the Supreme Being are brought into
doubt or contempt. False and profane
swearing leads directly to this result.
Therefore the name of Jehovah, or any
term by which He is recognized, should
never be used except in the most sol-
emn and devotional manner. Judicial
oaths are recognized in the Scriptures
as lawful, while a meaningless and
trifling use of His name is often and
severely rebuked, as demoralizing and
degrading to man, and insulting to
God. "Swear not at all, neither by
heaven, for it is God's throne, nor by
the earth, for it is His footstool; neither
by Jerusalem, for it is the city of the
Great King."—Math. v. 33, 37. Too
much use of the divine name is often
made in prayer, even. A continual
repetition of, "O God," "O Lord,"
"our Father," "our heavenly Father,"
etc., etc., diminishes rather than in-
creases respect and reverence for His
name, and hence is even more than a
vain repetition. Heathen philosophers
taught that the names of the gods
should not be used as mere common
names.

Remember the Sabbath-day, etc., sets
apart one seventh of our time from
secular and worldly employments to
holy purposes, comprehending our-
selves, our children, our servants, our
property, and "all that is within our
gates," or within our control. This in-
stitution, the Sabbath, was the first
which God gave to man in Eden, re-
peated here with solemn precision and
minuteness. The reasons for it are
obvious. Its holy and lofty advantages
are fully realized by all devout minds,
and its restraints are most thoroughly
detested by the godless and voluptu-
ous. Christ, in teaching the Jews a
higher and more spiritual significance
of this precept than they in their ritual-
istic observances had attached to it, no
more abrogated or lowered its force,
than He did the seventh command by
giving them more of the spirit of the
law, rather than making it all of the let-
ter. The Sabbath is violated in its true
spirit and meaning when we engage in
labors or pleasures other than religious,
because it may be a day of comparative
leisure. Humane labors, such as visit-
ing and caring for the sick and for the
beasts, are justifiable to the same ex-
tent of other days, and no more.

Honor thy father and thy mother,
"God's first commandment in families,"
and in His word amply instructs each
member of the household into the du-
ties which they owe each other. While
parents are made responsible, for a
time, for the support, protection and
comfort of their children, children are
divinely required to obey and honor
their parents. By no other means can
the family—God's own institution—
be held together. Affection, respect,
obedience, and thoughtful attention to
the wants and happiness of parents are
all involved in this precept. If in any
sense or in any cases there are limita-
tions to these requirements, on account
of unreasonableness or wickedness of
parents, it must not go further than a
well informed and pure conscience re-
quires, and never to the exclusion of
love and pity, with no unnecessary ex-
posure of parental faults, or increase of
parental burdens. Little or no culture
or refinement will be found in children
and young persons who do not honor
their parents and their homes—little
or no piety, present or prospective.

Thou shalt not kill takes away from
us all right to destroy the life of our
fellow men, directly or indirectly, pre-
sent or future, personally or by proxy,
except so far as authorized by God in
punishment for crime, or in self-defense.
Everything that impairs health or
shortens life is consequently forbidden
—suicide, as well as homicide. Life is
the gift of God, and man has no more
right over it than he has to the
attribute of omnipotence. All riot,
drunkenness, and all excess and hate
are also prohibited here. "He that
hath his brother is a murderer," as
murder results from hate.

Thou shalt not commit adultery re-
quires a strict conformity to all the
laws of chastity, as fully revealed in
the Scriptures, and a total abstinence
from all that infracts and tends to in-
fract those laws. It has just as much
reference to the words, thoughts, de-
sires and readings, as it has to overt acts.
Adultery may be committed in the
heart; and so of all the other forms of
this sin of impurity, equally prohibited
here and elsewhere in Scripture. All
licentiousness begins in the thoughts,
words, readings, and desires. Right
here a double flaming sword should be
set to guard us, or we are lost.

Thou shalt not steal forbids the tak-
ing of the property of others secretly
without consent, or with consent dis-
honestly obtained; and this alike
whether from individuals or corpora-
tions. By this law also, corporations
are not only protected, but they are also
bound as much as persons. The law
covers not only property, so called, but
also character, happiness, and all other
rights, great and small. "Who steals
my purse, steals trash." Society is
turned into anarchy and into a mob
when individual rights are not pro-
tected.

Thou shalt not bear false witness not
only prohibits false swearing, but all
other infractions of strict truth, tale-
bearing and slander, etc., etc. Truth

is the right of all; falsehood is a theft
and a robbery of individuals and of so-
ciety. With the loss of truth between
man and man, all confidence is lost,
commercial integrity is gone, and every
man's hand is against every man, and
society is turned into pandemonium.

Thou shalt not covet strikes at the sin
of desiring what is another's without a
proper possession of it. It is this in-
ordinate desire that has filled earth
with bloodshed, slavery, drunkenness,
blasted honor and broken hearts. When
Alexander asked Diogenes what a man
must learn to be happy, the odd, but
sharp old cynic, replied, "let him un-
learn to covet."

Our limits allow us only to touch
the heart and spirit of these broad and
inimitable precepts, on which rests all
the divine government.]

ZION'S HERALD QUESTIONS.

Sunday, April 5.
From the Notes.

1. What is the foundation of the di-
vine claims on us?
2. What rendered that the appropri-
ate time to give this law?
3. What resemblance between the
giving of the law and the opening of
the gospel?
4. What is the spirit and design of
the first commandment?
5. How does that of the second differ
from the first?
6. What is the fruit and proof of our
depravity?
7. Can the Deity be represented by
natural objects?
8. What is the result of all such at-
tempts?
9. What influence had Egyptian
idolatry on the children of Israel?
10. Who has left out of their Scrip-
tures the second command?
11. In what sense does God visit
upon the children the iniquities of the
fathers?
12. How comprehensive is the com-
mand against profane swearing?
13. When was the Sabbath instituted,
and what its design?
14. What are its practical tenden-
cies?
15. Did Christ abrogate this and the
seventh command by making them
more spiritual and less literal?
16. When, or in what is the Sabbath
violated?
17. Why should children honor their
parents?
18. How do they do this?
19. What the true meaning of "Thou
shalt not kill"?
20. What and how much is forbid-
den in the seventh commandment?
21. When is stealing practiced?
22. What is false witness?
23. In what does covetousness con-
sist?
24. How is this related to other sins?

The Family.

FORGOTTEN.

BY L. D. BARROWS, D. D.

A stranger at the parsonage.
With gentle men, as herbage
From sanctifying prayer,
Tiptoeing 'long the shadowy hall,
Like bit of sunlight on the wall,
The timid little Claire;

She lingers round the open door,
As June above the orchard floor,
That blossoms in the night;
And glances out from heavenly blue
In violet tones the heavenly dew
That morning torches light.

"Precious darling, come in," he said;
Like sunlight's rays on lilac bed,
So fell her golden hair,
"Come in, and sit upon my knee!"
The stranger very coaxingly
Persuades the little Claire.

He tells her tales that sweetly rhyme
Of infant child in olden time,
Who in a manger lay,
Until the soul, through mystic rift,
Would pour its lispings wonderings forth,
Nor wait another day.

"To-morrow you shall come to hear
Me preach," he says. No doubting fear
The heart's soft pining hears;
But satisfied, she wills away,
The promised boon anticipates,
The trustful little Claire.

And so she slips away to bed;
In pure white robes her prayers are said;
The dreamy eyelids fall,
Like sunset adrift with fringed gold;
And just before her lids unfold,
The chiming Sabbath calls.

We sit each side the long aisle;
Little bare feet and cherub smile
Approach the shrine of prayer;
"Dess you fordo me!" The preacher's face
With low appeal for pardoning grace,
Looks down on little Claire.

THE SQUIRE OF WALTON HALL.

BY DANIEL WISE, D. D.

A BIRD OF ILL OMEN, AND ADVENTURES
ON THE ORINOCO.

One evening shortly after his arrival
in Demerara, as the young Squire sat
in his parlor, watching the moon and
stars, he was slightly startled by a
voice which came from the door yard,
saying,
"Who are you? Who—who—who are
you?"
Wondering who this bold questioner
might be, he went to the door. There,
in the pale moonlight, he beheld a bird
with prettily mottled, but not brilliant
plumage, nearly as large as, and not
wholly unlike, a wood owl. As
soon as he appeared it flew three or
four yards away, and repeated its bold
inquiry. He walked out. It fled three
or four yards further, and questioned
him again. Pursuing his walk, he
presently heard another voice crying,
"Work—away, work—work—work—
away!"

While searching the gloom for the
owner of this voice, still another, with
a very mournful tone, said to him,
"Willy—come-go. Willy-willy-willy-
come-go."

These mysterious voices, issuing from
the shadows of the trees and shrubs,
were calculated to impress a stranger
with the idea that he was in enchanted
ground, inhabited by mocking, weird
spirits. But Waterton felt no such
fear, for he soon perceived that differ-
ent species of goat-suckers were the
authors of them all.

Subsequently, when in the interior,
he heard another of these birds of
night, crying,
"Whip-poor-will. Whip-whip-whip-
poor-will."

And at another time, while lying in
his hammock beneath the trees in the
wildest part of the forest, he heard
still another species of goat-sucker ut-
ter a cry, so piercing as to seem like
the departing voice of a midnight mur-
dered victim. A stranger would never
conceive it to be the cry of a bird.
Suppose yourself in hopeless sorrow,
says Waterton, trying to describe it;
begin with a high, loud note, and pro-
nounce "ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,"
each note lower and lower, until the
last is scarcely heard, pausing a mo-
ment or two between every note, and
you will have some idea of the moan-
ing of the largest goat-sucker in Dem-
erara.

Waterton learned that the Indians
and negroes are terribly afraid of this
bird. They regard it as a bird of evil
omen, under the command of Yaba-
hon, the Indian devil, and Jumbo, the
African demon. The spirits of dead
men possess them, they think, or they
are sent to haunt and punish cruel
masters. If one of the largest species
of these birds chances to utter its
mournful "ha, ha, ha," before the hut
of negro or Indian, the occupants tremble
with intense fear of coming misfor-
tune. If heard at the white man's
door, it is a sign of sickness and death.

Of course, our naturalist had too
much common sense to share these
superstitious feelings. He knew them
to be as idle as the beliefs in witches'
cats, broomsticks and spells, which
once tortured both our English and
American forefathers. Neither did he
adopt the notion that this bird sucked
milk from goats and cows at night, al-
though it owed its bad name to this
imputation. To convince himself that
this opinion was false, he watched this
unoffending bird for hours on moonlit
nights. He saw it close to cows,
goats, and sheep, jumping up every-
now and then under their bellies.

Creeping slowly and stealthily nearer,
he was able to see that the nocturnal
flies which tormented the poor animals,
not their milk, were the objects of the
goat-sucker's presence. Even the ani-
mals themselves understood this, for
they made no attempt to drive the bird
away, as an "unwelcome intruder." To
make assurance doubly sure on this
point, our hero shot several of the nine
species of these birds, and dissected their
stomachs. He found them well
filled with flies, but never discovered
a drop of milk. The name, goat-sucker,
therefore, does this innocent bird a
rank injustice. "Poor injured little
bird of night," exclaims Waterton,
"how sadly hast thou suffered, and
how foul a stain has inattention to
facts put upon thy character! Thou
hast never robbed man of any part of
his property, nor deprived the kid of a
drop of milk."

After spending four years in Dem-
erara, Waterton was requested by the
Governor of the colony to convey
some despatches to the Spanish author-
ities at Angostura, on the Orinoco river.
He did so, in company with a
friendly named Edmonstone, and was
amply repaid for his trouble by the
"grand feast" which the numerous
birds of the Orinoco valley furnished
for his eyes and ears. Toward his
mouth were countless waterfowl. High-
er up, "immense quantities of parrots
and scarlet aras passed over head con-
tinually. The loud screams of the bird
called the horrid screamer, were heard
far and near," but was too shy to come
within gunshot.

One day a large labari snake arrested
his vigilant eye, as the vessel was slowly
ascending the stream close to the
shore. It was coiled up in a bush, and
its speckled, dirty brown skin could
scarcely be distinguished from the wood
of the bush. He fired, wounding it se-
verely. Wishing to secure it, that he
might dissect it, he leaned over the
vessel's side, grasped the bush with one
hand, and was reaching to grasp the
snake's throat with the other, when the
cowardly Spaniard at the tiller sudden-
ly put the helm astory; he was afraid
to have the venomous snake brought
aboard. His movement threw our hero
overboard, and left him hanging by the
bush up to his neck in water, and with
the wounded snake close to him. He was
in great peril. A passing alligator
might seize him, or the snake might
strike him with its poisonous fang.
Fortunately, another sailor, seeing his
danger, rushed to the helm and put it
hard a-starboard, in time to bring the
head of the vessel round again. As the
men were eagerly pulling him up, our
hero pluckily seized the snake by the
throat, and to the horror of the sailors
took it aboard. It was eight feet long,
and was still alive. He soon killed it
and proceeded to dissect its head.

The next morning he shuddered as he
saw an alligator, thirty feet long,
slowly pass the vessel. Had this "ty-
rant of the fresh waters" been at hand
the day before, his career had surely
been very unceremoniously ended. The
monster alligators of the Orinoco are
always ready to take a man into their
voracious stomachs, as the Spanish

governor assured Waterton after his re-
turn to Angostura. The two were to-
gether on the Alameda, or public walk,
when the governor stopped and said:
"Don Carlos, mark the opening
which leads to the river. I was on this
very spot, a great number of the in-
habitants being present, when there
suddenly came out of the river an
enormous alligator. It seized a man
close by me, and carried him off to the
water, where it sunk to appear no
more. The attack was so sudden, and
the animal so tremendous, that none of
us had time or courage to go to the un-
fortunate man's rescue."

You may be sure that this story did
not diminish our hero's gratitude for
his happy escape from the chance of
finding a grave in the stomach of a cay-
man, as the alligator is sometimes
called.

The governor of Orinoco was a man
after Waterton's own heart—an explorer
and naturalist. Hence they enjoyed
each other hugely. Yet the etiquette
of the governor, at their first meeting,
gave occasion to a ludicrous incident.
Having invited Waterton to a good
dinner, which consisted of forty dishes
of flesh and fish, his Excellency ap-
peared "in grand uniform of gold and
blue, the weight of which alone in that
hot climate was enough to melt him
down. He had, not got half through
his soup before he began visibly to
liquify. I looked at him," says Wat-
erton in his quaint way, "and thought
me of the old saying, 'how I sweat,
said the mutton chop to the gridiron.'"

Both parties became evidently uneasy—
the governor because of his uniform,
Waterton because of the number of
dishes which, on account of his very
temperate habits, he could not feast on
without risk of fever. At last the for-
mer broke the iron chain of etiquette
by saying, in Spanish,
"Don Carlos, this is more than any
man can bear. Pray pull off your coat,
and tell your companions to do the
same. I'll show them the example."

Upon this Don Felipe divested him-
self of his coat; his guests did so too;
all stiffness vanished at once; and
Waterton took the liberty of sailing his
food to the demands of his stomach, in-
stead of risking his health by obeying
the demands of unreasonable courtesy.

Having accomplished the object of
his visit to the Orinoco, Waterton re-
turned to Demerara and to the manage-
ment of the estates. In 1812, his father
being dead, he gave up this trust and
went home to take possession of his an-
cestral estate. But his taste of forest
life, and his passion for the study of
animated nature were so strong, that
he soon returned to Demerara for the
sole purpose of gratifying his scientific
desires. His life as a naturalist prop-
erly begins at this point. His first
grand trip through the wilds of the
Demerara and Essequibo rivers, in pur-
suit of a famous Indian prison, will be
the topic of our next paper.

Englewood, N. J.

THE TIDE-WAITING SOUL.

BY REV. C. F. WILLIAMS.

THE COMPLAINT.

If I felt as I would like to;
If with impulse warm and strong,
My heart moved me to right action,
To resistance of the wrong,
When I live out my convictions,
Am a Christian through and through,
Bear the cross in all directions,
Ever to My Master true;

When I realize my oneness
With my slain, yet risen Lord,
Realize myself entitled
To each promise in His Word,
O, how gladly I will reckon
All things loss for His dear sake,
Follow the harrowed ones that beckon,
Held swiftly in their wake.

Did the swelling tide of feeling
Bear my stranded soul aloft,
And a holy, heavenly influence
Float me on its bosom soft,
I could buffet strong temptations;
I could face the adverse blast;
All the storm's dark desolations
I could stem till they were past.

THE REBUKE.
Wake, O dreamer, from thy mooping!
Rouse thee! 'Tis a deadly spell!
Wilt thou nurse this idle hope?
Wilt thou make thy bed in hell?
By conviction, not mere impulse,
The believer must be led;
'Tis by acting, not by feeling,
That thy faith is perfected.

Seest thou yon poor paralytic
Bid stretch forth the hand now dead?
What if, as excuse sufficient,
He his helplessness had plead?
Had demanded that the life-tide
Should be felt in pulses strong,
E'er he'd lift the member withered,
Striveling, powerless, dead so long?

Would he ever have been honored
As the type of faith to all?
In the right arm of their being
Palsied, withered by the fall?
Nay; but thanks to God, he acted
In a strength not yet his own,
And by works was faith made perfect,
And the glorious victory won.

Then there came the realization—
After, not before he obeyed,
Which to him had never been given
Had obedience been delayed.
Wait no longer, then, for feeling,
Nor for realization pine;
See in Christ thy strength, and use it;
All His strength to use is thine.

GENERAL GRANT.

BY MRS. C. F. WILDER.

A funny tale for a story for children.
Well, Ned, Dick, Willie and Georgie,
and all the boys eight years old,
and all the girls that are nine, it actually
is a story for you.

as; and as we write that, we look at
him again, to make sure that we are
speaking the truth; and how can we
help saying, "halloo, General!" He
rises, and prepares for a race; but we
say, "no, not quite time," and he sits
down again, and patiently waits for us
to start for the wooden ball that we
keep for his especial fun—no, we
mean for our especial fun.

General is a Newfoundland, which
we think a nicer breed than hound,
terrier, or spaniel. Now, I presume
Georgie and Ned own terriers, and
they think that Newfoundlands are only
fit to trot under a carriage. A little
boy that lives across the street owns a
"black-and-tan," and he says, "Gen-
eral is nowhere when compared to
Tabby." Tabby was brought up by a
cat, and Shermie and Edna named the
dog, and his name is not a bit appro-
priate, for he is a regular little spitter.

We were over there a few weeks ago,
and the boy and dog were having a
"Christmas Tree" in the yard. The
tree produced only pieces of meat, and
little doughnuts cut out with a pepper-
box lid.

Shermie had on his father's coat and
hat, and his sister's charm-string for
bells, and "played" that he was Santa
Claus. He took a piece of meat from
the tree, and held it toward Tabby, but
Tabby wouldn't speak until Shermie
called his name, "Tabby Skidder;"
then a doughnut would be held on high
by the little arm, and the mimic Santa
would exclaim in stern tones, "Sher-
man William Skidder." And Shermie
only opened his mouth once to say,
"here," and also allow the doughnuts
to vanish.

General followed us over there; and as
he had never been to a Christmas Tree,
we closed the gate, and left him on the
side-walk. He had never been served
like that, and he held an indignation
meeting, and resolved that he was bad-
ly treated, and he would not submit to
such tyranny, and put himself on a
committee to protest against such pro-
ceedings, and find redress from his
wrongs; and, what was of more conse-
quence just then, obtain admittance to
the yard.

As the side gate has a button to keep
it closed, the indignation meeting avail-
ed nothing; but the front gate has a
spring like the one at home, and the
paws of the committee quickly opened
that.

Shermie rather likes General at our
house, but Tabby is his sworn enemy
everywhere; and Tabby being three,
and General one year old, of course
(somewhat after the style of older chil-
dren) General is large enough to
swallow Tabby, and then feel hungry.

Tabby barked furiously at General
for coming to their Christmas Tree
without an invitation, and Shermie
scooped, but General held his head up,
and took no notice of them. Tabby
backed towards the house, and Sher-
mie was seized with a "panic," and
turned and run. General surveyed the
conquered field with the coolness of
the hero whose name he bears, and at
last marched to the evergreen tree, and
ate every one of Tabby's little pieces
of meat; and, selfish dog, he also took
all of the doughnuts belonging to
Shermie.

Wasn't the fighting renewed then?
Tabby made the noise, and Shermie
threw the shot and shell; but as the
ammunition consisted in sticks of wood,
it was only fun for General, who would
take the sticks in his mouth and run
toward Shermie to take it; but Sher-
mie was mad, and Tabby was mad,
and no matter how plainly General
asked them to be good with him, and
come and play, they felt too much hurt
at their loss to get over it so easily.
Dogs and boys are alike in one respect;
the way to win their hearts is to give
them something nice for their stomachs;
and when boys grow up, they have
never been known to change in that
respect.

General tried for a long time to ap-
pease the wrath of his two enemies,
but without success, and he seemed at
last to conclude if there were more
Christmas trees to attend he might as
well sit on the sidewalk; so he walked
out of the yard, closed the gate, and
laid down to wait for his mistress.

When we started for home, we said
in a solemn tone, "now, General, you
have been in mischief. I ought to pun-
ish you for spoiling Shermie's face;"
and he held down his head, and ceased
waving his flag of truce, and walked as
sedately as a dog of ten years old. We
reached out one hand and pulled his
ear, and said, "you know you are a
rascal. What shall I do with you?"
and he meekly turned his head and
licked the hand that was hurting him.

We knew, just as well as though Mr.
Bergh had told us, that General said by
that act, "do forgive me."
"Well, if

THE HOUSEHOLD.

NUMBER FOUR.
BY MRS. T. W. BARRINGER.

This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some minor creases and discoloration, characteristic of old paper. The left edge of the page shows the binding of the book, and the overall tone is a warm, off-white or light beige.

This image shows a blank white page. There are dark horizontal bands at the top and bottom edges, which appear to be scanning artifacts or the edges of the paper. The central area is completely white and contains no text or other markings.

Figure 1. A schematic diagram of the experimental setup. The subject is seated in a chair, viewing a video screen. The screen displays a target (a small circle) and a starting point (a small circle). The subject's hand is positioned at the starting point. The distance between the starting point and the target is 10 cm. The subject is instructed to move the hand from the starting point to the target. The video screen is positioned 40 cm from the subject's hand. The video screen displays a target (a small circle) and a starting point (a small circle). The subject's hand is positioned at the starting point. The distance between the starting point and the target is 10 cm. The subject is instructed to move the hand from the starting point to the target. The video screen is positioned 40 cm from the subject's hand.

An old physician once said that nearly all di-



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